



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

"Pages from the Book of Paris." By Claude C. Washburn. Etchings and Drawings by Lester G. Hornby. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

FOR charm both in text and illustration this volume, by Claude C. Washburn, holds front rank in the gift-books of the year. Nine essays cover such aspects of the beautiful Latin city as the Sidewalk Cafés, Choosing a Home, Plays, the Bois, Love in Paris, the Courtyard, Père Lachaise and an Interview with Anatole France. To those who do not know their Paris, the book will serve better than any guide-book to bring the charm and gayety of the city to mind; to those who know and love the place, it will serve as a most excellent stimulus to homesickness. The writer has captured and set before us in these light and graceful essays something of the very personality of Paris. In the hearts of those who see Paris as a personality, he says, the city is forever writing her book, "a book of infinite variety, exalted and prophetic, delicate, fanciful and gay, sombre with the misery of existence, according to the materials on which it is written; but it is always significant, never petty. When it is finished, it will hold the story of the human soul; but it will never be finished. Paris is not the subject of the book. Paris is only the medium. It is in her style, since it is she who writes; but its subject is Life, and whatever, good or bad, has any bearing upon life is to be found somewhere in its pages without embellishment and without euphemism."

One cannot say that Mr. Washburn has given us Paris without embellishment. How could a true artist do this? And Mr. Washburn is a true artist, a master of happy phrases, a seer of the exquisite, the evanescent, the rare. He gives us the very look of the milky sky, the afternoon haze in the Bois, the manner and distinction of a lovely child playing at ogre in a courtyard or championing an unfortunate lady.

It would not need the last chapter on an interview with Anatole France to convince us of the source of Mr. Washburn's delightful style. It has the Latin ease of construction, verve, movement and grace.

The illustrations of this delightful book equal the text. There on the cover is the very life of Paris caught in the three typical figures seated in the Bois. It would be difficult to praise too highly the delicacy and fidelity of these little etchings of the Luxembourg Gardens, the sidewalk cafés, the Café du Rond Point, the little shop with the proprietor's back blocking half the entrance, and the views along the quay with the street vendors in full force, and, loveliest of all, Notre Dame seen from the Seine. Of all the forty-three illustrations, only the one of the *cochers* might perhaps have been bettered, for the Paris cabman is a type full as picturesque and interesting as the famous London cabby. This is a book

to read and a book to look at and a book to keep ever at hand to cheer a sad moment or add grace to a dull one.

"Quiet Days in Spain." By C. Bogue Luffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Luffman, whose "Vagabond in Spain" was so successful and readable a volume, gives us here further desultory jottings from his diligently kept note-book of that medieval land. Having wandered over forty-two of the forty-nine provinces of Spain, living and making friends with all sorts and classes of people, going over more than seven thousand miles of land travel, the author has had opportunity for observation accorded to few. The net result of the work is to make Spain appear the strangest, the most foreign country left in Europe. The world is becoming uniform, but apparently Spain still lies outside that circle of influence. "Poverty," says the author, "is the most painful and haunting fact of Spain." No change and no improvement, the author thinks, can come from within until the Church is virtually suppressed. The author, however, thinks that as the great playground of the world, luring and fascinating, Spain is without parallel "the great unrevealed store of the South—a part of Europe, a link with Asia, an offshoot of Africa. . . . In race, language and ideal ever varying, she is one only under the impulse of religious fervor; a motherland, yet everywhere with the unformed heart of a child; a remnant of the age of mysticism; the victim of discredited institutions; a holder to faith without works; misled by an Eastern love of gauds, favors and rewards; possessed of a fine soul, but savage by reason of the hot blood coursing through her veins."

If the suppression of the Church and its attendant evils should ever be compassed, would not Spain tend at once to become of a piece with the rest of our ordered and appeased globe and cease to be a picturesque playground?

The book is not illustrated, which is always a flaw in a book of travel. Pictures can do so much toward making the text real and convincing. The author is undeniably desultory and will tell an anecdote of an old couple's ingenuity and wickedness in half a dozen instalments and in as many different chapters. To picture Spain, however, in all its crudity and high color, this book serves better than any recent volumes on the topic.

"A Manual of Spiritual Fortification," being a choice of Meditative and Mystic Poems made and annotated by Louise Collier Willecox. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Because an anthology is only of worth in so far as it expresses a personality, so that its form and kind and very being are determined by the taste and temperament of its maker, precisely therefore it has the peculiar fascination of all indirect self-revelation, with its beguiling half-confessions and tantalizing reticences, its bewildering sympathies and illuminations that defy analysis. Any one who should be drawn to read this "Manual of Spiritual Fortification," by Louise Collier Willecox, by knowing already her gallant and goodly volume of last year, "The Human Way," would find confirmation here of all that he might have conjectured as to the author of those essays, so full of heart and thought and spirit,